

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

August - - - - - *1929*

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A RECOMMENDATION

"I wish to say I think THE LIGUORIAN a wonderful magazine. It is most interesting and devotional and I like it better than any other. I wish also to thank for the very pretty picture of Our Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help which came in the July Liguorian. Our Shrine at St. Alphonsus is beautiful and the devotion wonderful."

—New Orleans.

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVII.

AUGUST, 1929

No. 8

Come and Rest

Come where the lamp is burning
Ye hearts so sad and lone.
Where one true Friend is yearning
To take you for His own.

Only a small flame beaming
Only a faint red glow,
Like an angel gently dreaming
While the shadows come and go.

There with the darkness falling
At the altar pure and white
That still small voice is calling
Through the purple gates of night.

When all the world is sleeping
And the day's rough toil is o'er,
Our Friend His watch is keeping
Behind a silk-veiled door.

In a sweet oasis lying
Where the weary heart may rest
With the gentle breezes sighing
From the haven of the blest.

Come where the lamp is shining
And seek no more to roam.
'Tis the end of sad repining,
And the nearest place to Home.

—Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

SILENT POWER HOUSES

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Where are we heading for now, Father Tim?" Lawrence Dwyer asked as he bared his head to the delicious coolness brooding in the shadows between two massive retaining walls.

A climb up the flinty-hard cobblestones of the old Roman street had brought the two travelers to the point where Via Panisperna cuts a deep gash through the southernmost spur of the Quirinal Hill.

"We are not heading for; we are arrived at," the priest replied. "The building that rises above us on the top of this retaining wall is one side of the great quadrangle of the Venerable Monastero di SS. Domenico e Sisto of the cloistered Dominican Nuns; it is the terminus of today's ramble."

"My guess is that this same Venerable Monastery has weathered a good many centuries."

"Your guess is right, Larry. In the course of these centuries, women of the noblest families in Europe, sisters and nieces of Popes, daughters of Princes and Kings, have come here to take the white veil of St. Dominic and consecrate their lives to God in this convent. Hence the monastery has received many gifts—none so highly prized as certain precious relics given over to the veneration of the saintly nuns."

"And would it be perchance some Duchess of the Ancient House of Casey, hidden within the cloistered retreat, that has moved you to make this visit, Padre?"

"No, Larry, I would not say that. Duchesses have rather completely disappeared from our line. So far as I know, the Casey Coat of Arms is a pick and shovel with a donkey rampant on a pratie field. I may be mistaken, however, for I have never made any exhaustive investigation of the family tree."

"Take my advice, Father Tim, and don't begin. 'Tis expensive business. A friend of mine paid fifty dollars to an expert to do that for him."

"Yes?"

"Yes; and then he had to pay a hundred for hush money."

"I have come today," said the priest, "in response to an invitation

from the Mother Prioress. From time to time we have helped the community in their extreme poverty. They want to show their appreciation by presenting me with a precious relic for St. Mary's Church. Maybe this constant reminder of one of God's heroes will impress my busy, restless flock and make them remember that there are nobler ends in life than wealth and pleasure."

"Father Tim, look at that tall pine tree shooting up from the retaining wall on the other side of this narrow street. What a picture! How clearly its green branches stand out against the deep blue background of the sky!"

"That is but one of a grove of those grand old trees in the garden of the noble Roman family of Aldobrandini, a family that has had Cardinals and Popes among its members. If we were up there in the garden, we should find, beneath the pines, delightful walks, refreshing fountains, and classic marble statues. But come. We could linger here until the Angelus rings and the nuns lock and bar their doors for the night."

Rounding the wall, they found the entrance to the monastery grounds, but before beginning the steep ascent to the portal, they paused again, and Father Casey pointed out a few of the objects of interest lying immediately before them.

"This great square tower of brick," he said, pointing to a dark mass that loomed up half way down the hill, "was built in the middle ages by Pope Gregory IX. In the spacious interior, where now Italian soldiers play cards and smoke cigarettes, cloistered nuns used to meditate and pray. That forest of broken granite pillars, which you see down in the valley, is the Forum of Emperor Trajan. However, if you want a young street gamin to direct you to it, I counsel you to ask for the Foro dei Gatti, the Cats' Forum. Hundreds of cats inhabit the ruins there and wait for the daily rations tossed them by thoughtful housewives."

"And that pile of mossy stone blocks right in the middle of the street," Dwyer suggested, "marks the spot where a cart was upset, and the driver was too lazy to load them up and haul them away."

"Wrong again, Larry. That is a highly treasured relic of antiquity, a rare remnant of the first wall which encircled the small city of Rome. It was the Servian Wall, built about the year 533 before Christ."

None of these antique exhibits appeared half so strange to the young American as the interior of the monastery. After pulling the rope which set a distant bell tinkling, they entered the narrow vestibule, with its uneven brick floor and black walnut wainscoting. No human being was visible, but presently, from behind a black-curtained and double-barred wicket, they heard a gentle, "Chi e? Who is there?"

Father Casey told the bars and the curtain who he was and why he had come.

"Here is the key to the parlor on your left," the quiet voice explained. "Kindly enter, and Mother Prioress will be with you immediately."

At that, a drum shaped contrivance in the wall began to revolve, and there within it they found the great iron key.

"This is positively spooky," whispered Dwyer.

Father Casey only smiled as he unlocked the door and led the way into the so-called parlor. It was another plain room with a small bare table and a few straw-bottomed chairs. In the thick partition wall on one side there was an opening protected by a double set of heavy bars; also a duplicate of the drumlike contraption they had seen in the vestibule.

A veiled figure appeared behind the bars and greeted the visitors. It was not necessary to see her face to know that she was one of those great kindly souls to whom one would like to tell one's troubles, sure of patience, sympathy, and deep human understanding.

"I cannot say just what it was," Dwyer remarked to his companion as they descended the long flight of travertine steps after the interview, "but there was something about her."

"My boy, if you had spent fifty years as close to God as she has, there would be something about you, too. By giving up, for good and all, the multitudinous, contradictory, aimless, selfish, stupid hankerings that harass and confuse us worldings, these good women have found a peace, a singleness of purpose, a frankness and simplicity of heart, a sureness of aim that singularly enriches and ennobles their lives. Believe me, cloistered convents are the prize beauty parlors, for they make beautiful souls. Beauty of soul shines forth in feature, voice, and conduct and eclipses all mere natural—or manufactured—beauty."

Lawrence Dwyer had been giving more attention to the mediaeval surroundings than to the priest's little sermon on the interior life.

"This monastery," he said, "is a substantial building. The passing centuries have added to its charm without lessening its strength. But say, Father Tim, do I see aright? Are those soldiers in the window below?"

"They are. When the invaders took Rome in 1870, they borrowed this monastery."

"Borrowed it?"

"Maybe 'borrowed' is not the right word. At any rate, they said they needed it for government purposes, so they threw out the sisters and filled the place with grafting politicians instead. In the course of time the sisters, who had found temporary shelter in another convent, got a little money, borrowed some more, and bought back one wing; the remainder is still held and used by the government."

"When they had the whole building and enough sisters to fill it, they must have been a powerful community. What is their work? Teaching? Or hospital?"

"Neither."

"They take care of orphans, do they? Or old people?"

"No."

"What do they do?"

"Pray."

"Is that all?"

"That is all—with the 'trimmins'. Those who give themselves up to a life of prayer must, in order to make a success of it, practice continual fasting and abstinence and silence and penance and so forth. Those are the 'trimmins'."

"This large community of highly educated and capable women, occupying one of the best buildings in the very heart of the city, yet doing nothing for the education of youth, for the relief of the poor, the sick, the aged, or the orphans! You know, Padre, looking at it from our practical, commonsense modern viewpoint, one would say the government was half right in confiscating this property."

"Wherever the modern viewpoint contradicts the viewpoint of faith, it is not practical but disastrous, not commonsense but stupid. Besides, robbery is not considered good form, even by moderns."

"I mean taking it over for the common good."

"That is what the religion-haters pretended to do when they confiscated this house of prayer, and hundreds of others, not only in Italy,

but in many other countries as well. Yet every one of these countries has found itself nearer to bankruptcy, starvation, utter destruction, since the confiscation than before."

"Oh, you mean during war times, or in some of these red revolutions, or when some bunch of rotten politicians got their hands in the public treasury; but all that could have happened just the same if they had not confiscated these monasteries."

"Perhaps they *could* have happened, but that is not saying they *would* have happened. Who is running this old world?"

"Why, God, of course."

"Precisely. And if there had been more saints and fewer sinners, more prayer and less blasphemy, more houses like this where they rise in the middle of the night to adore and praise God, and fewer houses where they stay awake at night to insult Him, God would have averted the war, He would have prevented the red uprisings, He would have kept the politicians from robbing the public treasury. But because a carnal-minded generation pretended they could make this a perfect world without God's help, He withdrew His help and left them to their own devices."

"Left to their own devices, we must confess," said Dwyer, "that they made a mess of it."

"Do you see? They said: these houses of prayer are no contribution to the common good. We will turn out these worthless praying nuns and make over the buildings into schools of enlightenment, hospitals for the sick poor. Then God withdrew His grace. Without God's grace, men are no better than a pack of savage curs. Like savage curs, they began to snatch the coveted morsels from one another's jaws, to snap and bite and tear at one another. The schools had to be turned into hospitals; the sick poor had to be told to stay home and give place to the mangled soldiers hauled in by carloads."

"If these houses of prayer could have averted the war, it was surely a stupid blunder to suppress them on the plea that they were a useless expense."

"As for expense, it costs more to keep one battleship in commission than to support a dozen of these convents; bad theaters, bad dance halls, bad drinking houses are immeasurably more expensive than all the convents in the world, yet every pinhead politician begins forthwith to shed great big briny tears because these nuns spend their time in pray-

ing for God's blessing on us all instead of adding to the national wealth."

"You think they often pray for the rest of us?"

"They are always praying for the rest of us. That is their work. For that alone have they been established and approved by the Church. They pray the Divine Office, which we ordinarily call the Breviary. The Divine Office is not a mere personal act of piety; it is the public, official prayer of the Church, the perpetual prayer by which the whole Universal Church, through the lips of its authorized representatives, offers perpetual adoration and thanksgiving to God, pleads for pardon, and begs for help. Every one of us creatures should spend every moment adoring, praising, and thanking our Creator. Since we cannot do so, our authorized representatives do it for us with the Divine Office. Priests are such authorized representatives. But they, on account of their varied occupations, cannot say the Divine Office with the required perfection. Hence the Church approves certain religious orders for this sole—this most important—work. They do not merely recite the Divine Office, they solemnly chant it, in choir, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. They distribute it over the hours of the night and day in such wise as to make it a continual cry for mercy going up from this sinful earth to the throne of God. Providence has forced even our feverishly active modern generation to pay its homage to the contemplative life in the person of Little Teresa of the Infant Jesus. She who carried the modern world by storm, belonged to one of those religious orders that does nothing but pray."

"Would you say that the orders that do nothing but pray are more beneficial to the world than the active orders that teach, care for the sick, and so forth?"

"Every order is beneficial when it performs faithfully the work entrusted to it by God. There is need for both. One of the beauties of the Church is the variety of vocations she offers to her children. I will say, however, that the active orders are comforted and strengthened by the assurance that the contemplative orders are praying for them and thus helping them to remain faithful in the midst of their busy life. Even these active orders count as the most important for success, not the hours they spend in the classroom or in the hospital ward, but the hours they daily spend in prayer and meditation. We read, too, a little story in the Bible. Jesus was visiting Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus. Mary did nothing but remain at His feet in prayer. Martha, on the contrary, was laboring hard to prepare

food for the tired and hungry Master. Like many of our moderns, she was impatient with Mary for wasting her time praying all day while there was so much work to do and so few to do it. She told Him bluntly what she thought of her sister. But Jesus replied: "Martha, Martha, thou art busy and troubled about many things; but one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the better part."

DRAWN BY EXAMPLE

The Catholic hospitals were often crowded during the late Great War. Often the Sisters lined up beds and cots in the corridors—and as the boys were brought in—wounded and gassed and dying—they filled every available space until there was scarcely room to pass from door to door.

One American boy—a Lutheran by birth and training—was brought in at one such crowded period. The only available space left was before the doors of the little Chapel. They placed a cot there—and for many weary weeks the wounded soldier there put up his battle for life.

He gained his life—but he gained more. For each day when the Chapel doors were open—he was able to gaze within at the pretty little altar with the red lamp always aglow before it. He saw the Sisters—noiseless of tread and reverent of manner—adorning the altar with flowers—sweeping and dusting the sanctuary—changing the linens on the table of the Lord so that they were never anything but spotless. And always as they passed before the tabernacle he saw them genuflect; always before they left the Chapel, he saw them kneel a moment with eyes riveted on the tabernacle—saying a prayer.

And he said in his heart: "God is there—for only God could inspire such faith and devotion. If ever I rise from this bed—I too shall be a Catholic."

His wound healed—his dismissal came—he returned home. Today he is a practical Catholic.

"If one of us gets down, there will be more room for me," said the little boy to his sister when they were both riding the hobby horse together.

This is the only kind of charity some people profess—for themselves.—*Donnelly*.

Neumannettes

J. MANTON, C.Ss.R.

Traveling from place to place on his Confirmation tours, Bishop Neumann dined like a lord today and peasant-wise tomorrow. It was noted that he always preferred to break bread with the poor. One day he was the guest of a very wealthy Catholic. Dishes of rare meats swimming in savory sauces were placed on the snowy white cloth in tempting profusion. Cheerful candelabra set the silver gleaming, and gay sprays of flowers lent just the right touch of color. Negro servers stood attentively by, stiff as though they were cut in ebony. Bottles of wine that had long lain imprisoned in cob-webbed cellars were brought forth, martyred to grace the occasion, and their old aristocratic blood poured bubbling into delicate glasses. Between bored sips, Society artistically troubled the food on its plate, being scrupulous to observe the cult of the detached digit by a dainty arching of the little finger.

The Bishop sat through the dinner, civil but not genial; very polite but not warmly cordial. This was "a function," and the cold formality of it he endured as he would have endured the reading of a list of statistics. Here was luxury; and luxury won no smile from him. Here was Fashion with its rigorous and often ridiculous punctillios of etiquette; and Neumann, simple, sincere type, believed that finespun and long-drawn niceties made a company's behavior artificial and its relations strained. That day Neumann was very quiet, very reserved.

But the next day his Visitation itinerary brought him deep into the country; and dinner time found him drawing his chair to a rough table under the rafters of an Irishman's log cabin. Homely food in pewter plates, and cold water in tin cups comprised the menu; but the host and his family were as simple and unpretentious as their fare, so the Bishop was his merriest. He was always so at such a table—the holy board of a little Catholic home. Easy, cheery, laughing, he was the sunshine of the tiny room. He joked with the children, had pleasant little anecdotes for their elders, and all the while was shooting off harmless, brilliant witticisms like a Roman candle. When Neumann was leaving the house he turned to the clergyman with him, and feelingly said, "What a difference between yesterday and today! Yesterday we were treated to a well-filled table, empty forms of politeness, and

idle gossip; but today we were surrounded by the charming simplicity of a pious Catholic home."

* * *

A hospital suggests rows of snowy beds, surgeons in professional white, cases of shining instruments, and blanketed forms rolled by on silent vehicles; but above these it recalls that hospital necessity whose virtue goes deeper than the bruised body, and heals the sin-torn soul—the holy oils. What association there is between Neumann and the holy oils is no great one, but it italicizes the versatility of his talents, and demonstrates that he brought the same keen interest to minor details that he did to great undertakings. In Neumann's day no suitable vessel had been devised for the holy oils; the priest, summoned on an urgent sick call, carried his oils as his own ingenuity might suggest. Bishop Neumann decided that it was about time a standard receptacle made its appearance. It should be compact, efficient, neat—but Bishop Neumann did not dictate these directions to someone else. He knew the article he wanted, so he went ahead and designed it himself. And a quarter of a century after his death his invention was still in general use.

* * *

When Neumann slipped out of his Prachatitz home one bitter winter morning, his family did not know he was plodding out through the city gates to Budweis and the world. As for others, nobody noticed and nobody cared. But nineteen years later he came back, and everybody noticed and everybody cared. The same old centuried gate was bunted like the sunset to receive him. Under its gay arch he sped, whirled along in a regal sleigh, with blazing lackeys mounted behind him and outriders dashing ahead. Early the next morning the parish church of St. James saw the man who had been baptized at its font, who had served at its altars, and who had knelt in its pews, return to pontificate in its sanctuary as a Right Reverend Bishop. Now, St. James is an old church, even as churches count the years. It was six centuries ago that a gang of husky laborers began to mix the first bed of mortar, but the fortress-like church they reared still reechoes to swelling organ and tinkling Sanctus-bell. St. James was waiting for Chaucer if he cared to weave it into a metrical tale. Michaelangelo might have decorated its walls, though to do so he would have had to scrape off paint two hundred years old. Heretics had stormed the place, captured it,

desecrated it—when Luther still had a century to study his part before stepping from the wings. So St. James, Prachatitz, is undoubtedly an old church. But in all its venerable years it probably never saw a more exultant congregation than that cold January morning in 1855 when the whole town crammed pews and aisles to assist at the Solemn Pontifical Mass of its native son. Some day, perhaps, it will see a grander spectacle still; when Neumann's statue is raised to the altar he loved. And old men, nodding reminiscently, will tell tales they heard from their fathers before them—how the Bishop, his Mass over, knelt in thanksgiving and gazed devoutly up at the statues that looked so gently down; and, God be praised! now others are looking up and he is looking down, the Blessed John Nepomucene Neumann!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

REPELLED BY EXAMPLE

A non-Catholic physician once met a Catholic priest.

"If you can settle one difficulty for me," he said, "I shall be a Catholic."

The priest, with hope in his heart that he might be the instrument in the hands of God for the conversion of another soul, asked him what his difficulty was.

"I believe," said the physician, "that there is no more sublime doctrine of faith and morals in the world than that taught by the Catholic Church. So firmly do I hold this—that in all my medical practice, I have never deviated one iota from her standards regarding right and wrong.

"But can you tell me this: If those doctrines are as true as they are beautiful, and if the promises and privileges of the Church are as real as they are sublime, why do so many Catholics disregard and despise them by the mortal sins I see them commit day by day before my very eyes?"

There are solutions, we know, logical and theoretical—to the difficulty. But we wonder if such solutions could offset the devastating influence of bad example on an essentially practical mind. And we wonder too, if Catholics who are the source of such example, will not have more than their own sins to atone for when "the book will be opened wherein all is contained, whence the world will be judged."

The Good Samaritan

M. S. KALLENBACH.

With a hissing sigh of escaping steam and a last screeching of brakes, the hugh freight locomotive eased into its rest and the conductor turned toward the begrimed engineer with a face the picture of woe.

"There, that's the last of her," he said. "No more freight at any price. The whole world seems at a stand-still. Confound this strike! You mark my words, we're in for a hungry winter!"

Walking down the length of the freight yard, Barney Malone, the butcher, caught the conductor's words and his face grew sober, as he watched the engineer slip out of the cab and wipe his face with his huge bandanna; but soon Barney's merry face assumed its usual smiling look and the dimple in his chin became visible again. Barney had happiness in his heart these days and the whole world seemed to radiate to his secret. Not that he had a secretive nature, but for the past forty years he had stood in shirt sleeves and apron behind the butcher's block, and now, he saw ahead of him the ultimate means of satisfying his life-long ambition.

All through life, he had been fond of surprizes and the fact that he had one stored for his rotund little rosy wife pleased him greatly. Of course, Biddy and he had talked of this secret for years and years as a delightful possibility. Barney, however, as the keeper of the purse, had seen the dream steadily becoming reality, and now, in less than a day, his Biddy would become one of the happiest of women. And so it happened that Barney, while listening to the conductor's disheartening prophecy, felt little concern.

In the early morning it all happened as he expected and Biddy would have it that he was fooling and teasing her; but when it finally dawned upon her that it was indeed the truth, her face grew sober and she turned toward him with pathetic pleading.

"Don't be teasing me now, Barney, and do you really mean it?"

"Never meant anything more in my life, old woman, 'cept when I promised the priest to take you for better or worse."

"Do you really mean that we got enough saved now to give up the business?"

"Just that and nothing more. I hope you like your birthday present. It's a good and lasting one, anyhow."

"God bless us and keep us!" said Biddy. "Sure and it's more than I ever thought the mercy of God would be giving to us. But we've been working so long now, I can hardly believe it possible we'll quit."

"I'm to be the laziest man in the world," said Barney, with conviction. "But there's the store-bell reminding us that quitting time isn't here yet. Of course, it'll be a few months before we get everything sold out, the house and the store and all."

As soon as the customer had departed, Barney strolled out to the front pavement and rolling his white apron around his bare arms, stood looking up at the butcher shop quizzically. He recalled how proud he was when he first hung out the sign, forty years before, and he also wondered how strange it would seem with his name blotted out and another's painted on it. He hoped it would be an honest name and that the owner would take as much pride in it as he had done in the past. If he had been a lover of a good joke, he had never carried it too far, and he had been as clean as a china dish in all his dealings with his fellowman.

When that night, after the lights had been lowered and the shades drawn, the dishes packed away after the evening meal and Barney stretched out before the fire comfortably smoking, he made a stab into the future.

"Suppose we'll be going back to the old place, eh, Biddy?" he asked.

"'Tis the very thing I've wanted since we left there forty years ago."

"The old country never loosens its hold," he said sagely; "'tis a wee island and 'twill hold another couple, I guess, before it fills up."

"Shall it be the same little town, do you think, Barney?"

"'Twould be grand if 'twere so, Biddy," he agreed; "'twas there we grew up together, and 'twas there we left the little one, who'd be a grown lad now. I'm thinking we left a good bit of our hearts behind when we quit Ireland."

Then, as his wife seemed too full of memories to reply, he continued:

"I think I'll be writing to the mayor to see if there's a wee cottage to be had against our coming. It'll be nice to end where we began."

"Barney!" that was all, but to the man nearby it seemed like a prayer.

"'Tis very happy you've made me this night," she continued.

"Ah, lass, 'twas a long wait fer you, but the longest road has an ending. I don't mind telling you now, when 'tis too late, that along with the work, I've always wanted to be one of the handsome kind, that could hand out money in a handsome way. I've never had my fill of that yet."

Barney was looking into the fire as he said this and so missed the merry twinkle in his wife's eye and the knowing shake of her head, for Biddy had a complete knowledge of her husband's weakness and also a faint suspicion that if he had thought less of others than himself in the past forty years, he might have retired ten years sooner. But like a good wife, she said nothing.

For more than a month afterwards, they lived in another world, planning and hoping and considering the happiness to come. Late one night the shop bell rang and Barney hurried into the store, lit the light, and then hurried back again into the kitchen with signs of distress on his ruddy face.

"Who was it this time of the night, Barney?" asked Biddy.

"I don't know the child. He wanted a penny. You should have seen the child. He was as wan as a wraith and hadn't but a rag to his back."

"You gave him the penny, I dare say."

"Yes, and a bit more. He looked so pinched and ill."

Then, as he resumed his easy chair, he continued:

"I've been thinking over what I heard down by the freight yards some time ago. 'Tis a hard winter for the poor this year. The strike shows no signs of a letup and of late there's been lots coming into the shop with a hard luck tale. Biddy, we've got to keep a tight string on the purse when we retire, for it'll be all going out and nothing coming in."

Biddy looked up and they exchanged a look of understanding and silence fell thickly upon them for the rest of the evening. The begging child had put a damper on their dream.

One by one the days passed with increasing idleness and want stalking about the great city. Throngs of men hung about public places and the city squares were filled with unkempt haggard faces. Either with hands in pockets or head upon their hands, they sat around on the park benches. Women wan and white flocked to and fro seeking work where

work was not to be had and little hungry children dragged their listless feet to school where at least it was warm.

But it was a night when the thrill of horror was most intimately felt and when the ghost of want stalked abroad. Strange to say, the lure of misery exercised its sway upon Barney and he was oftener out on the streets than behind his shuttered shop at night. Often upon his return he was exhausted beyond speaking and would fling himself upon his bed and roll and toss the balance of the night, muttering in his sleep, while Biddy disturbed, too, and sympathetic, kept a watch over him.

One night he rushed home, and with heat and haste urged her to come out with him.

"Come quickly. Must— help—" he managed to gasp panting. "Get a bucket of coal and some warm things. Child just died and mother at the point of death. Children starved and frozen. Hurry!" And both rushed away into the night with arms filled with bundles.

It was long past dawn when Biddy and Barney crept back to their own cozy little kitchen and she bustled about in spite of her fatigue, getting a cheery cup of tea, meanwhile gently chiding him for his lack of thought for himself.

"It's of you I'm thinking," she scolded. "'Tis right glad I'll be when we're settled back in the old country again."

Barney looked up at her with some dismay. "We'll not be curing anything by running away from it," he argued. "'Twill all be left behind and there'll be two less to look after them when we're away," he said.

But Biddy neither looked nor answered, as for some minutes she busied herself about her breakfast making.

Then after he had finished his meal, she began:

"'Tis worried I am," she said; "'tis a wee bit worried I am after all. You see you're such a restless man. Do you think it will be healthy for you to stay retired like and doing nothing? They do say a sudden change is bad for an active man. So maybe when we get over there, 'twill be better to begin a little something on the side to keep yourself from worrying like."

"All right, I'll get a bigger place, and farm it."

"Farmer, you!" she scoffed and laughed loudly, ending in a chuckle.

A little bewildered by her mirth, Barney looked at her helplessly. As a rule she always agreed with everything he said and did.

"'Twould be better to start a little store again, somewhere near a town, perhaps, where you could fill in the time."

"What a fool idea to get into your head," Barney looked at her in derision. "We're going to retire, aren't we? That doesn't mean to work again."

"'Twouldn't be working, would it?" answered Biddy innocently. "Our living wouldn't depend upon it. 'Twould be more of a hobby like, and then," hesitating a little, "we could live on what we got and give away what the new shop would make. You always wanted to be a giving kind of a man, you know."

Barney lay back in his chair and started at his wife as though he had never seen her before. Then bouncing forward, he brought his chair back to the floor with a bang. Jumping out of it, like a child, he pounded his wife between the shoulders.

"What a head you got, old woman," he shouted gleefully. "Here I've been trying for weeks to think of a way and you get it in a minute. Something I wanted to do all my life. We can now do our bit for the Lord before we die, anyhow."

Biddy's eyes swam as though in a mist and through it she saw the gleeful gyrations of her husband. All the worry seemed to vanish from his face and brow. He at once accepted the plan, and talking it over, added a detail here and another there, until at length it came to the pass she had foreseen.

"Wouldn't it be a silly thing for us to look for another place, after all, Biddy? 'Twould be a parting with old friends and a big wrench, I'm sure. There's not many of our friends left now in Ireland and we're right comfortable here. We've got the trade, and what's more, the little what's left of it. The need for our money is right here, where we made it all. So we'll retire, but nobody will know it but ourselves."

"And you won't mind not getting back to the old country, Barney. You'll not be missing the rest you earned."

"Never could be an idler after forty years. 'Twould make me green and mossy and I'd never smile again. Nothing to do all day but sit in the sun and enjoy myself. I tell you what, old woman, there's nothing like the city for a lively cricket like me."

"And you sure don't mind the change, Barney," she repeated. "You wanted to be quiet, you know."

"Quiet, woman. Isn't it quiet as the grave here now, with the strike on and never a wheel turning. I'm gitting a rest right now, I'll tell you."

And after that day, Barney became more than ever a prying night owl and like the Caliph of old, visited among his people. Many wants he found and lightened with a free hand and many a life he saved that terrible winter.

"Suppose folks are criticising us for a pair of old sillies, but it's little they know what's going on, eh Biddy? They said the same about the woman in the Temple who poured her ointment over the Saviour's feet, but He seemed pleased and maybe He'll be the same with us."

"Ah, Barney, man, He knows what you've given up," Biddy whispered.

"Never say that," said Barney with a wink; "you see, I'm a selfish old man and I'm riding a hobby to death."

THE BEST CURB ON CRIME

Speaking on crime prevention before the California Council 880, K. of C., the Rev. William A. Fleming, pastor of St. Raphael's San Rafael, and chaplain of San Quentin prison, said:

"Many ideas are suggested as preventive of crime, ranging from playgrounds and similar emotional outlets, to the twenty-four hour school law. But all of these put together are pitifully inadequate. There is in all the universe but one panacea, and that is daily religious training for the young.

"Put God into the heart of the child and you will never be held guilty of the crime of maintaining reform schools and penitentiaries as eloquent monuments to neglected youth," Father Fleming added.

There is one efficient cure for soul diseases, and that is the one instituted by Our Divine Lord Himself. In the confessional, the soul clinic where souls are bared, spiritual remedies prescribed, and grace bestowed.

We must undergo sacrifice for the sake of principle, for the sake of truth, if we would plant the flowers of virtue in our souls. We must give of ourselves that we may reap worthily.

For God And Country

DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE LIBERATOR

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

There is no doubt that Daniel O'Connell's name will live forever among those of the great leaders of all ages. Particularly will every Catholic heart warm at the mention of it. And this year, 1929, brings it before us in a more striking way, for it is the centenary of the Emancipation Act—the Act that gave Catholics freedom in religious matters and a measure of equality in civic matters—the Act that prepared the way for the marvelous growth which the Church has seen in British domains in the last one hundred years—the Act, whose passing was the great achievement of Daniel O'Connell, and from which he is called—The Liberator.

True, there were other valiant men fighting for the Catholic cause in England as well as in Ireland; we do not underestimate all they did. But such was the personality of O'Connell—such his achievement—that we feel we are wronging no one in considering him the genius of Ireland's fight for freedom, the awakener of the soul of a nation.

O'CONNELL'S PLACE IN HISTORY

We are apt to think of him only in regard to Ireland. But there is no question that to his influence religious freedom in England, France and Germany owes an immense debt.

When O'Connell on his last sad journey to Rome, stopped at Paris, he was greeted by the great Montalembert, in the name of the Catholics of France, in the following glowing terms:

"We are come to salute in you the Liberator of Ireland—of that nation which has always excited in France fraternal feelings. But you are not only the man of one nation," he continued, "you are the man of all Christendom. Your glory is not only Irish; it is Catholic. Wherever Catholics begin anew to practice civic virtues, and devote themselves to the conquest of their legislative rights, under God, it is your work. Wherever religion tends to emancipate itself from the thralldom in which generations of sophists and lawyers have placed it, to you, after God, it is indebted."

In the panegyric preached for him in Rome, by order of Pope Pius

IX, at the time of his death, Father Ventura, the celebrated Italian orator, declared:

"God does not create great men for the use of a single age or of a single people. He gives them for the advantage of all nations and of all ages. Therefore, it is that O'Connell's genius has radiated throughout the world."

"The glory of O'Connell is," he said, "that he brought about the triumph of liberty by the aid of religion, and the triumph of religion by the aid of liberty."

A generation afterwards, in the fight against the Kulturkampf, the great leader of the Center Party in Germany, Ludwig Windthorst, proclaimed the inspiration that he found in the example of O'Connell, Catholic champion and democrat, Champion of the poor and the friend of order.

This, I believe, was the great achievement of O'Connell: the impetus that he gave to nobler democratic ideas and ideals in the world.

As Mr. McDonagh, his latest biographer, puts it:

"O'Connell was the first in the world's history to arouse to activity the enormous power of public opinion which was stored up and lying dormant in the community, and the first to organize it for direct political and social action on constitutional lines. He was the inventor of popular agitation as it is now practiced in all democratic and constitutionally governed countries. . . .

"He brought the people, the democracy, into the political arena, dictating policy to kings and to parliaments by their weight of numbers and determined will. He showed in his conduct of the agitation for Catholic Emancipation and for the repeal of the Union in Ireland, how the masses might be moved to their profoundest depths of feeling and yet marshalled in absolute discipline. He showed what power lies for the moulding of laws in the unity of physical force with moral sentiment."

Greville, in his Memoirs, oft quoted, declares: "History will speak of him as one of the most remarkable men who ever existed; he will fill a great space in its pages. His position was unique; there never was before and there never will be again, anything at all resembling it."

But I am not so much concerned with the achievements of O'Connell; they are well known; history is eloquent with them. I am interested in the man, the growth and greatness of his personality. This is

what seems so remarkable to me about Daniel O'Connell, that the study of his personality offers as much of interest as the study of his deeds.

O'CONNELL'S EARLY YEARS

His early life was passed amidst a time of difficulty and danger for Catholics. Centuries of persecution had laid the country prostrate and had fairly broken the spirit of the people. The Penal Code of laws imposed on Ireland, for instance, is full of enactments entitled: An Act to prevent the further growth of Popery—An Act for the better securing of the Government by disarming Papists—and so on. Officials and agents and police and soldiery all did their work and often cruelly. We can hardly imagine, at this day, the suffering, the want, the indignities that Catholics had to bear for their Faith. Perhaps the best indication may be gleaned from the description given by Bishop Doyle of the cowed spirit of the nation:

"The higher order of Catholics sensitively shrank from any appeal for redress, lest the very clanking of their chains should arouse those who had forged them to renewed vigilance and activity. . . . The Catholic clergy were submissive, humble and inert; they behaved as if they were convicts whose escape was only connived at."

Only the most dreadful and hopeless persecution could have produced such a spirit in a nation known for its "high heart."

Daniel O'Connell was not a wonder child. There was nothing remarkable about his youthful days at Iveragh, in County Kerry, his home, nor about his school days, in a foreign country, at St. Omer and Douay—for Catholic schools were forbidden in Ireland. For a while he was undecided whether to enter the priesthood or to study law. Fortunately for Ireland, he chose the Law. This opened to him the Providential field in which he was to work.

While he pursued his studies for the bar in London, he seems to have fallen under the influence of the then prevailing Deism. But it must have been very slight, for it never appears in his life. It was here that for the first time he began to consider seriously the sad plight of his native land, and we find in his diary the following noble resolution:

"I would, and I trust I will, serve man. I will endeavor to make the narrow circle of friends and relations happy, and give cheerfulness and ease to the peasantry I may one day rule over. I will endeavor to give liberty to my country and increase the knowledge and virtue

of the human kind. O Eternal Being! Thou seest the purity of my heart and the sincerity of my promises. Should I appear before Thy august tribunal after having performed them, shall I not be entitled to call for my reward?" This was in 1796.

In May, 1798, he was admitted to the bar. His success was wonderful. He was tall, straight, and powerful of build; around his sharply cut mouth a captivating smile played; his voice was like thunder, yet sweet and melodious, capable of expressing perfectly all the varied feelings of the orator; out of his clear blue eyes there looked kindness and gaiety. His speech was according to circumstances gentle and captivating, or terrible, even crushing; refined and polite, or rough, almost rude, and sarcastic.

With alertness and acute mental powers he combined an iron diligence, such as only his unusually strong constitution could endure. It was no wonder that his practice grew rapidly and his income increased from year to year.

A less patriotic man would have calmed his conscience with the thought that nothing could be done or hoped for, for Ireland, and would have been satisfied with his personal success. Not so O'Connell. The struggle of 1793 had roused his soul completely, and with great danger to himself, he now used every opportunity at court to spread his ideas of a free Ireland and to attack the tyranny of the government.

His famous defense of John Magee, in 1813, may be looked upon as the making of O'Connell. He lost the case—the jury, judges and prosecutor all being fanatically Protestant and English—but he outdid himself in oratory and denounced the tyranny of the government with the most cutting logic and invective. Robert Peel, who heard O'Connell's defense, said of it:

"His four-hour speech was a far more vehement and poisonous attack on the government than all the articles for which Magee was indicted. The judge should have driven O'Connell out for contempt of court."

From the case, moreover, there developed an event that serves to show at once the character of the man and how he had risen in the affection of the Irish people. O'Connell's tirade against the government struck home so perfectly that one of the members of the Municipal Council, an expert duelist, by name d'Esterre, challenged him to a duel. Duelling, in those days, was looked upon as the hall-mark of a gen-

tleman; not only aristocrats and officers, but also judges and ministers of the government challenged each other on the slightest provocation. O'Connell long hesitated; he realized the folly of duelling and knew that it was forbidden under excommunication. D'Esterre, emboldened, followed O'Connell to the Four Courts with a horsewhip. But suddenly, feeling that this was an exceptional case, O'Connell accepted the challenge and called d'Esterre's bluff.

Excitement ran high: the Catholics feared that O'Connell might fall; the Protestants hoped that d'Esterre would be the victor. The government sent troops to quell any disturbance should O'Connell be killed. But the unexpected happened. The blustering challenger fell mortally wounded; d'Esterre's bullet struck the ground at O'Connell's feet.

The Irish people were jubilant. O'Connell, however, was filled with remorse. The memory of this act never left him; time and again in his public speeches he referred to it with words of genuine sorrow. He offered to share his income with d'Esterre's widow, but she refused. However, he prevailed on one of her daughters to accept an annuity which was paid regularly till the day of his death. He apologized at once to the Archbishop of Dublin for the scandal he had given. Ever after, when he passed the house in which d'Esterre had lived, he lifted his hat and his lips were seen to move in prayer. Whenever he went to Communion he wore a glove on his right hand to remind him of his unworthiness.

He was challenged on many occasions after that—by Peel, Disraeli, Lord Alvanley—but, having once for all demonstrated that not cowardice but conviction made him refrain, he felt he could refuse them all without dishonor, while showing his challengers the folly and immorality of duelling. In fact, he brought the practice into discredit.

HOME LIFE

"The better side of O'Connell's nature," writes W. H. Lecky, "never appears more clearly than in his charming and most unstudied letters to his wife and children. No one who reads them can fail to recognize in them a deeply affectionate nature, eagerly craving for sympathy, disclosing to those he loved with an almost childlike simplicity, all his moods and impulses of joy and sorrow, of triumph and disappointment."

O'Connell expressed his own sentiments in this regard more than once. "A man cannot battle against the malignant enemies of his

country," he declared, "unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable."

He was truly a most affectionate father and husband. His letters alone are lasting proof of it.

On June 23, 1802, he married his cousin Mary, the daughter of Dr. O'Connell of Tralee. Mary O'Connell had no fortune, and the members of Daniel's family opposed the match. In after years, O'Connell confided to his secretary:

"I never proposed marriage to any woman but one—my Mary. I told her I would devote my life to make her happy—and she deserved that I should. I thought my uncle would disinherit me. But I did not care. I was richly rewarded by subsequent happiness."

In reply to a toast to the health of Mrs. O'Connell, one one occasion, he made this reply:

"To the lady whose health you have drunk, I owe most of the happiness of my life. The home, made delightful by my family, is after the cares and agitation of public and professional life, a most blessed retreat. I am indeed happy in that home—happy in a dear wife, happy in children into whose minds a fond mother very early and carefully instilled a reverence for religion, the love of God and the love of country."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The desire for more, which is the very essence of covetousness, makes us dissatisfied with what we already have; whilst an increase of possessions, by increasing our solitude, tends only to diminish our portion of actual enjoyment.

One at least of the characteristic virtues of a Christian, perhaps the chief of all his characteristics, is the virtue of meekness; in proportion as the Christian grows in the mind and spirit of Jesus, in such proportion will he show himself to be meek and humble of heart.

"Dark storms are gathering round
And dangerous winds arise—
Yet see! one trembling star
Is shining in the skies;
And we are safe who trust in thee—
Star of the sea!"

Mountain Magic

A MAN AND A MAID: PLUS MOONLIGHT AND MELODY

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

(PART TWO)

Though he would not admit it to himself, Dan was in love with Tillie the second month of his stay. However, he could no longer hide his feelings from himself no matter how well he thought he concealed them from Anna and Tillie, when September had come.

Dan's cabin on the mountain summit, a few hundred yards from the nearest encroaching field of the Plima's, was on a site the monarch of the world might well have envied for a throne, for all the beauty of heavens and earth lay smiling in beauty above and below it. Far into the dim, hazy distance stretched the peaks and foothills of the mountains in undulating waves, rearing themselves in a tumbling confusion, that could be compared to nothing so much as the bosom of the ocean tossing its huge waves in the majestic confusion of a storm. Green clad hillsides heightened by their distant color the illusion of briny waves, as did the haze, ever present, from which the Smokies must have earned their name, hanging like mist over the waves. And Carolina, "the Land of the Sky," surely earned its name in the vicinity of Dan's own private mountain peak. Azure, blue, cerise, cobalt, there is no word in the category of color to describe the hue of Western Carolina skies in their calm vista of peace that seems to stretch into the infinite beyond. Dawn and sunset were riots of color, color laid on God's masterpiece with the Creator's lavish hand in that boundless Wisdom, that knew so well how to write His Name emblazoned in the heavens so that thinking man could not help but read therein the Presence which created, guides and directs the universe.

To this vantage point of beauty Dan came at every opportunity. He sat for hours gazing at the wondrous scene with that pensive wistfulness which overwhelms all great thinking men, whenever they are alone with Mother Nature in her moods of grandeur. Beautiful as was the scene by day under the light of the Carolina moon, the vista of mountain and valley and sky assumed all the enchantment of witchery.

Moonlight and music and a girl—where lives the man who can resist with listless pulse the combined magic of this trio?

In Bohemia, they say, when a man child is born, the parents place near the baby's crib on one side a violin and on the other side a golden coin to see whether the child will choose wealth or music for his life heritage. If the tiny fingers grope for the violin, there is great rejoicing among the friends and members of the family for a true Bohemian, a lover of music, has been born. There are other nations who may equal Bohemians in musical ability, but there are none who surpass them in love of music and artistic skill. Often as he sat at night, smoking by his cabin door, there drifted to Dan strains of a violin played with exquisite skill and a touch that is born only of deep musical feeling. Tillie Plima, wanting a boy child in the family, had been given the birthright of the eldest of the family, a wonderful musical education and here in the fastnesses of the mountains that once had known only the shrill of the war whoop and the rattle of Indian drums, out into the night air drifted the fruits of her skill in the haunting notes of a superbly played violin.

One night in September Dan sat by his doorstep and over him, mounting into the heavens like some ancient galleon of olden golden romantic days, sailed the full September moon into the limitless ocean of the calm Carolina sky. The Vesper song of cardinal, thrush, robin and oriole had ceased and the quiet was broken only now and then by the distant hooting of an owl or the monotonous mournful cry of the whip-poor-will. Softly and sweetly sounded the notes of Tillie's violin in the cottage below and the rustling breeze, gentle in its caress yet powerful enough to sway the oaks that nodded to its touch, seemed to keep the trees attuned to the lilt of the distant melody. Suddenly to Dan's disappointment the music ceased. A light appeared for a moment in the cottage at the window of what Dan knew to be Tillie's room.

Then the light was extinguished and brooding silence broken only by the night whisper of the breeze and a night bird's mournful call settled down upon the mountain. Suddenly, plaintive, soft and low the violin sent forth its music once again and, though softer in its cadence, to Dan gazing pensively out over mountain and valley it seemed to be nearer. The soft stirring melody quickened to a lively dance and Dan startled, looked up to see, framed in moonlight on a nearby knoll, the figure of a girl, whose dress danced in the night wind, whose flying hair kept time to the nodding of her head and the lilting melody of a violin clasped in her hand. A fairy vision of the night it might have

seemed at first, but Dan recognized Tillie and his heart gave an unwonted throb, flattered by the thought that she had come to play for him, to talk to him in the universal language of music that all humans understand. Soon he forgot her bodily presence in the mingled magic of the moonlight and music and he became absorbed in the melodies. Mad dances, mournful melodies, classic love songs and muted melancholy masterpieces poured forth from the violin seemingly rendered vocal by the feelings of the artist. At last Dan could resist no longer and his clear tenor voice, unused for long years, burst forth in melodious accompaniment to an air he had long known and loved. A little trilling laugh was the only sign the player vouchsafed to show her consciousness of triumph achieved. Song after song followed, the violin leading unerringly the man's clear voice. Suddenly to Dan's surprise, the violin started a well known American air. He chuckled and joined in, swinging joyously to the syncopated melody. Then there was a pause and luringly, charmingly the violin began to play the opening strains of "Carolina Moon." The composer of that air must have been sitting on a Carolina mountain in the light of a full September moon when he composed the song. It fits nothing so well as moonlight and mountains and maidens. Dan paused until the violin had played the verse and chorus through to the end. Coaxingly the violin repeated a prelude and Dan laughingly began the words. Through to the end with deep feeling voiced in the words went the crooning melody. At the end the girl paused for a moment in silence. Then a silvery mocking laugh rang out, to be interrupted by the sound of a blow and the harsh scolding voice of old Anna. The violin and its player disappeared while the rasping shrewish voice continued its tirade. A door slammed in the distance. The dream was shattered, Dan felt forever, for he felt sure old Anna would order him off the property in the morning.

Contrary to his expectations old Anna said not a word next day, but her acrid glance was filled with baleful dislike. He noticed that she and Tillie exchanged no conversation and on the daughter's cheek was a livid bruise, showing that Anna believed in old fashioned parental authority.

That night the lights in the cottage of the Plima's were extinguished early. But Dan gazing down mournfully from his cabin toward the cottage at midnight saw a figure stealthily emerge. He recognized Anna. The old woman went to the garden near the house where she proceeded

to dig industriously and angrily for some time. Dan's heart sank. He feared she had broken the violin and was burying it forever.

He was undeceived the following night, however. As he sat disconsolate by his cabin door, again from the self-same knoll, sounded the notes of the violin. He listened expectantly for a moment, but the music impressed him differently. Instead of sweet sympathetic chords played with dulcet touch and charming harmony, that woke his soul to romance, the violin was played with a harsh rasping cadence. Despairful, gloomy melodies formed the program as though the player deliberately sought to voice all the miserable misanthropic thoughts a heart could hold. No romance, but bitter resentment and keen dislike the music roused in him. He looked up amazedly and saw no enchanting vision of mountain maiden playing a moonlight sonata, no fairy like wraith luring magic from the mountains, but a picture of a bedraggled crone with straggling hair playing as if in frenzied fury. He watched in silence, which was broken by the harsh voice of old Anna asking: "Hah. Why you no sing now, huh?" Knocking the tobacco from his pipe he went indoors slamming the cabin door with a crash behind him. A mocking laugh echoed the slamming door, but the music, maddening irritating continued for an hour and when at length it ceased Dan tossed restlessly for a long time, only to fall asleep at last and dream in horror of blood upon the moon, of treasons, stratagems, spoils and murder. Next night and the night after that Anna repeated her weird performance. Dan shut himself in his cabin immediately after supper and sat with light extinguished in the darkness. In vain round his cabin window, with ear piercing shrillness wailed the violin with the chill, cold, blood congealing melancholy of a banshee's cry. "She's trying to drive me off the property," said Dan to himself. "She can't do it. I'll stick if this accursed music drives me crazy."

However, the next night was cloudy and, though there was no rain, still there was no music. But the following night was clear and the moon rose quite late, but rose nevertheless. Dan, lulled into the deceitful hope that the music was over by its failure the previous night, was frantic with fury when the violin began its mad music. Inwardly, but none the less heartily, he cursed moonlight and mountains and music, but could not find it in his heart to curse the maiden who had first brought melody to his mountain only to have the melody turned to discord by her mother. To his surprise when the phase of the

moon changed the following night there was no music nor was there any recurrence of the playing during the remainder of the month. Yet Dan felt sure as fate with the coming of another full moon would come a return of the musical nightmare.

On Sunday, following the musical episodes, Dan received a shock. Trudging over the mountain he met at the bus stop Tillie and her mother. The pair were silent, standing apart from each other, hostility evident in their averted gaze. "Where on earth can they be going?" Dan asked himself. His surprise turned to astonishment when they came to the church and Tillie entered, while Anna, her head bedecked with the kerchief which is the headcovering of all elderly females in Bohemia, stood militantly outside the church as though on guard. When Mass was over the pair took up their homeward march, marching single file and not speaking to each other, while Dan they seemingly vouchsafed not even the cold tribute of a glance. Three successive Sundays the performance was repeated. Then Anna was noticed by Dan, shamefacedly kneeling in the rear of the church, one Sunday, in such a position that she could not be seen by Tillie. She hastened out before the priest had finished the last Gospel and Tillie found her in her old militant sentinel position awaiting her outside. Thus things continued till October was well on its way. October's full moon, Dan had noted, was due to rise on a Friday night and he awaited its coming with dread, feeling sure the performance would be repeated by old Anna with the violin. He lay awake expectantly, but there was no music that night. Sleepless, he heard the door of the cottage open and crept out to watch. He saw old Anna enter the garden and dig at midnight in the light of the moon. Suddenly she threw up her hands despairingly and ran into the house.

Next night Dan sat outside his cabin and the moon rose glorious. He was hoping against hope to enjoy his solitude and the beauty of Carolina's cosily warm October night in peace. His nerves ran ragged at the sound of the violin. But surely this was not old Anna playing. No, it was Tillie! He looked up and beheld her. Silent and breathless he waited for old Anna to interrupt. No interruption came. Coaxingly the violin seemed luring him to sing. At last he yielded and his voice rose in harmony with the violin in song after song. Finally the violin played and he sang the crooning melody of "Carolina Moon." The violin repeated the air with elaborate variations. The song ended

in a sob from the violin player. Dan looked up to see the fair player tuck the instrument under her arm and run quickly toward the cottage, followed at a distance by old Anna plodding with downcast head.

Next day, Sunday, Dan approaching the Altar to receive Holy Communion, was amazed to find Anna and Tillie both following him to the altar rail.

Outside, after Mass, the usual procession began, Anna leading silently ahead, Tillie following her wordless and Dan bringing up the rear. The end of the bus trip was reached and the procession over the mountain homeward began again. However, the trio had gone only a short distance from the bus, when Tillie stopped and waited, while Anna went doggedly forward with never a backward glance. As Dan came abreast of her, Tillie fell into step with him. For a short distance they trudged on in silence. Then to the embarrassed Dan's amazement, Tillie addressed him in perfect English:

"I suppose," she said with a shy glance at the stalwart Dan, "you were surprised to see mother and me go to Holy Communion this morning?"

Dan gasped and spluttered and finally blurted out: "No more surprised at that than I am to hear you speaking to me and speaking English perfectly."

Tillie laughed joyously.

"Oh that is shrewd old mother's idea," she gurgled; and Dan thought the music of her violin not half so sweet as the melody of her laughter. "As a matter of fact, I had a High School course in English, but mother never allowed me to speak it for fear some good for nothing man might run away with me."

"I wouldn't blame any man for trying," said Dan grimly; "but I wouldn't envy him what he would receive at your mother's hands for the attempt." And he glanced ahead significantly where sturdy Anna was disappearing over a distant hill.

"Mother is all right," said Tillie. "She has had a hard bitter life and she was so selfish she didn't want to lose me. Her bitterness extended even to God. That's why she wouldn't let me go to church or go herself till after the night she beat me for stealing out and playing the violin for you. Then I defied her and told her I would either go to Mass or leave her. I had defied her once before by making my Easter duty. But, O Dan, she hated you worse than poison—and—and—"

here Tillie stopped and throwing herself on the grassy hillside burst into sobs. Dan sat mute beside her. Men are like that. Slow to learn.

At last he asked in a pause between her sobs: "And do you hate me, too?"

Tillie sat up indignantly and glared at him: "You foolish man," she said, "are you blind and deaf and dumb?" Dan looked at her and from something he saw in her eyes behind the flashing indignation, he decided that, though not deaf or blind, he had been awfully dumb. However, being quick to learn, Dan soon proved his intelligence in the only way possible. Reaching out his arms, he clasped Tillie in them and with a precautionary glance up the mountain to make sure old Anna was not visible, he kissed her heartily and emphatically in the only way a pretty girl should be kissed. No words were exchanged for some time. Tillie and Dan were too happy and too busy for words.

Then Tillie whispered: "Dan, dear, do you really love me?"

Dan chuckled: "Now it's you that are dumb," said he. "Can't you see it was you, only you, who kept me on the mountain all these months? But what I can't understand is what caused your mother's sudden change of heart."

Tillie shuddered in his arms. "Oh Dan, mother hated you so much, knew I loved you and hated us both for it so bitterly, she used the curse of the "zloreceeny brambory." Tillie trembled.

"What, what is that?" asked Dan.

Tillie smiled in spite of her apparent terror. "Zloreceeny brambory means 'accursed potatoes,'" she said solemnly. "I'm afraid of her curses. Old women do bad things with them in the old country. She must have hated our love terribly to use the zloreceeny brambory."

"But still I don't understand," said Dan.

"Well, you see mother took two potatoes, one representing you and one me, and buried them. For the curse, one must bury the potatoes in the ground by the light of the full moon at midnight and dig them up by the light of the next full moon at the same hour. The potatoes then are supposed to be decayed to almost nothing. That means that the love of the two people is killed and gone. But mother surrendered when she found her curse had turned against her. Instead of decaying, our two potatoes had sprouted and grown together. She felt God was against her. I guess her conscience was bothering her, too. Bohemians may pretend to hate God but they have the Faith in their

hearts and I suppose being so near Mass made her think of her childhood and brought her back. That's why she allowed me to go out and play for you last night and left us alone this morning. Poor woman, she is broken hearted at the thought of my leaving the mountain. I know she likes you, too, and hates to see you go. She will be left all alone."

"Nonsense," said Dan rising. "Come, Tillie, we'll go home to that mother of yours and ask her when we can have our wedding. The day can't come too soon for me."

"Nor for me," said Tillie shyly.

"Besides," said Dan, "there are a few things I want to tell that precious mother of ours. She doesn't know it all. For instance, she has never succeeded in growing Irish potatoes. She uses the wrong soil and the wrong time for planting. Carolina soil was made for sweet potatoes. Planting the 'cursed potatoes' in her garden soil in September, midnight or no midnight, was bound to make them stretch out and grow together like long lanky sweet potatoes." Dan laughed merrily and kissed Tillie joyously as they strode along.

"Finally," said Dan solemnly, as they reached the knoll, where Tillie had stood to play her violin, and the pair paused to look over the valley and mountains smiling in the sunshine under an azure sky, "our mother ought to have known that all the rotten potato superstition in the world could never prevail over a man and a maid under the spell of magic mountains, moonlight and music. Come. Let us go to her and tell her, in the mountains where we found happiness we shall stay till death do us part."

(THE END)

Do not be astonished to find yourself overwhelmed with evil inclinations. God permits them in order to make you humble.—*St. Frances de Sales.*

Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in old age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old.—*Chesterfield.*

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.—*Sam Johnson.*



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

The Story of Perpetual Help

CH. X. THE HISTORIC TABLET OF PERPETUAL HELP

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

THE TRUTHFULNESS OF THE TABLET

Such is the account of the tablet; and here we may not unjustly ask, does it merit belief? Is it not, perhaps, merely some "pious legend" gotten up to inspire the faithful with devotion towards our Lady? Nothing is farther from the truth. For this account is solidly founded on historic fact, and, consequently, worthy of the most exacting scientific belief. But this is only a statement. Have we any arguments to prove it? Certainly; and they are numerous. Allow us to present them.

The first question to be settled concerns the time or date of the tablet's composition. If we can prove—as we think we can—that the tablet was written during the pontificate of Alexander VI, who occupied the chair of Peter from 1492 to 1503, then we can see no reason why the account should not be believed. To prove that such is the case, we need but point to the peculiar *formula* found at the end of our tablet. Such formulas were commonly employed at that time to designate the reigning pontificate. Let us cite only one example. It is from Rudolf Lanciani's *Storia degli Scavi di Roma*. This notary begins his document thus: "In the year of our Lord 1519, of the pontificate of our most Holy Father and Lord in Christ, Leo X, by Divine Providence Pope, in his eleventh year," How like is this to the last sentence of our tablet!

Another argument for its composition during the pontificate of Alexander VI, is derived from the fact that after his account of the tablet, Turrigius gives several other documents, all written by the same hand, which bear some reference to this Pope's pontificate.

Brutius, upon examining the text of the tablet, asserts in his Third Volume: (the tablet "if we judge from its oldness and lettering, recalls that memory" (Viz., the age of Alexander VI); and in his Sixteenth Volume; "The aforesaid tablet shows by its antiquity that it is of the aforesaid time."

A contemporary of Brutius, Benedict Mellini, styles the tablet "an old piece of parchment." And Conceptius Carroci, S.J., declared in 1715, that his sermon on the *Madonna of Perpetual Help* was based "upon a very old memorial on parchment" which he found "in Besichen" who wrote "in 1502."

Clearly do these statements show that the tablet was composed during the pontificate of Alexander VI; and, such being the case, we can easily believe that the erection of the tablet was contemporaneous with the exposition of the Picture.

It is quite evident to all, too, that from the antiquity of the tablet we can draw a good intrinsic argument for its truthfulness. "For," as Fr. Henze says, "imagine the arrival of the merchant from Crete at the home of his Roman friend; imagine his death; imagine, too, the sudden death of the Roman; imagine the equally sudden infection and the instant cure of the neighbor; imagine, finally, the solemn translation of that Byzantine Picture from the dwelling of a private individual to a public church; and the sensation caused by the first miracle wrought on this occasion;—imagine all these details to have been falsely asserted, would not the gross error and lying falsehood have been immediately detected?"

This argument is even strengthened when we recall that in 1517, one of the most learned and upright men of the times, the Augustinian Friar, Aegidius Canisio a Viterbio, was Titular Cardinal of St. Matthew's church. When in 1499, the holy Picture of Perpetual Help was delivered over to his confreres, he was residing at Rome, and was, undoubtedly, a participant in the grand celebration of that memorable day. Now, suppose this tablet were untrue, would not Cardinal Aegidius have thrown it out from his church? Would not he who loved truth so passionately, have destroyed this piece of falsehood? Moreover, the same may be said of the succeeding cardinals.

Besides, consider the text itself. Who finds there anything impossible, or even improbable? What is extraordinary in the theft of the Picture or the obstinate disobedience of the Roman's wife? If you

object on the score of the miracles related in the account, we simply reply, "Cui bono?" Who could have profited by their narration? Why should we not believe the merchant who, on the approach of death, confessed his sacrilegious theft? Why doubt the Roman who, on several occasions, openly declared that he had often been warned by a heavenly Lady to remove the Picture? Why question the mother's statement that she had been forced, so to speak, by a superior power to part with a Picture she loved so dearly? Surely, she had nothing to gain by such an avowal, except perhaps the odium of neighbors. And lastly, ought we not to believe the neighbor who, by admitting her sudden infection really acknowledged her punishment by God? And then surely, no one will contend that a little girl of only six years could have devised, or even imagined such heavenly messages and visitations as are recorded in our tablet. In fact, the appearance of that little child most strongly convinces me that the story is true, for Mary generally chooses little children to be her messengers. Did not the Blessed Virgin reveal her Immaculate Conception to the little Bernadette? Did not our Lady of La Salette appear to the two little cowherds, Maximin and Melanie of the Alps? What wonder, therefore, that Perpetual Help should have chosen this little six year old girl for her messenger? Is it not just what we would expect? Only too true ring the words of Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers: "Childhood seems to be the chosen organ for Divine communications!"

It is also an established fact that the first church to be dedicated to our Lady of Perpetual Help—how numerous have they been since!—was old St. Matthew's in Rome. There, chiseled in the stone above the main door, could be read, as early as 1579, the words:

"To the Virgin Mother of God, Mary of Perpetual Help."

Finally, Landucci, Cancellotti, Brutius, and Carocci, all of whom made use of our tablet, were reliable, learned and righteous authors; yet not one of them calls into question either the authority or the correctness of the account.

Faced with such a host of arguments, we cannot but surrender our whole-hearted consent to the tablet's truthfulness; and depend henceforth with utmost confidence on this simple and naive narration for a more complete and accurate account of our Picture's early history. In this, it gives us pleasure to say, we are indeed more fortunate than our predecessors who had as their only source of information Carocci's

sermon of 1715, which we have shown, and will show in the following paper, to be not entirely divorced from error.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"For the past several years I have suffered from a stiffening of the limbs. Doctors could not and did not help me. I had recourse to Our Mother of Perpetual Help and promised publication if helped or cured.

I take this occasion to acknowledge my grateful thanks to Our dear Mother for granting my petition in this temporal matter."—(E. St. Louis, Ill.)

From Chicago comes the following: "Enclosed please find _____ dollars for Masses. Two of these are to be in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help for the unexpected success of a very serious operation on my sister. Please have this published in The Liguorian."

From Jamaica, British West Indies a plea for prayers and a note of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help were received.

FROM NEW ORLEANS, THE CITY OF THE BIG NOVENA

"Dear Father: For three years my husband has suffered from an affliction of the eyes that rendered it impossible for him to work. I prayed constantly to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Thanks to her he is now cured and is again at work.

"Enclosed an offering for a Holy Mass in thanksgiving."

* * *

"Dear Father: Thanks to the Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help for favor received. I was taken sick the first of the year and could not be about for over six months. Doctors did what they could. But I am convinced that the prayers to Our Mother—I prayed and had others pray and had myself recommended at the Tuesday devotions—were the cause of the almost sudden cure.

"I am again able to be about and do my housework. Offering for Mass of thanksgiving is enclosed. Many times thanks to Our good Mother."

* * *

"Dear Father: Whilst visiting a neighbor this afternoon, I learned

that the Novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help was about to close. Hence I am writing this letter in the hope that it will reach you in time to be publicly read.

"For over a year I had been suffering with an infected cyst. I was being treated by a physician every second day during that entire year. At times it seemed that the sore would never heal.

"But after seven incisions, being twice confined to the hospital (once for ten days and the other time for twenty-seven days) it finally healed from the outside only.

"Months of the same treatment showed no improvement. I was able to get about by this time and hearing of the Novena I resolved to make it.

"I lived a good distance from the church and had to take two cars to get there. Though I was compelled to go alone I managed to make the nine nights.

"After a short time the Doctor was surprised to find that the sore had completely healed. Since that time I have not had the slightest pain or trouble. Thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help."

* * *

"Dear Father: During the month of March, this year, I had, so the Doctor said, a nervous breakdown. My nerves were in very bad condition. I did not care to come in contact with anyone and seemed to sense that something dreadful was going to happen to me. In addition to this I did not seem able to pray as I had been able to do before; and now I surely needed it most.

"I made the Novena and promised Masses in Thanksgiving and promised publication if helped.

"I am very much better. I have had the Mass offered. And now that the Novena is in progress I am happy to write my public thanks. I am also making this Novena."

* * *

"I wish to give thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for granting my daughter the favor of a safe and happy delivery.

"The doctor who attended her said the birth could not be normal. But much to our surprise it was normal and easy. Both mother and child are doing well.

"I am sure this favor was granted only through Our Mother of Perpetual Help."

FROM THE SHRINE IN DETROIT

Petitions: Spiritual Favors 1,428. Temporal Favors 662. Special Favors 525. Poor Souls 5,386.

Thanksgivings: Spiritual Favors 200. Temporal Favors 176. Special Favors 125. Health Restored 113.

* * *

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to make public thanks for a favor I received at the last Novena. I prayed at that time that my husband would receive a substantial raise in salary, as he was not making enough for our family to live on comfortably. Thanks to you, dear Mother, he has had three raises and now is receiving a good salary."

* * *

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you and make public the favor God wrought for me through your powerful intercession. I will now relate the stupendous help our Blessed Mother obtained for me. When I was a child, my mother lost her mind and the doctors pronounced her case incurable. For eighteen years she was confined in a sanitarium. Finally one day in 1927 a friend of my mother told me of the public Novena that was held every year at Holy Redeemer Church, and suggested that I make it, and she said she would join me in making it for my mother's recovery. Before the Novena was finished a most marked improvement was noticed in my mother's mental condition, and the following month she was pronounced perfectly sane by a noted alienist. To be positive the cure was permanent the doctor advised her to remain at the sanitarium for a couple of months more. After that I brought her to my home, where she is today, perfectly cured and normal. My faith in the efficacy of the Novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help is without limit. This year my mother, my friend, and I are making the Novena in thanksgiving."

* * *

"My father was very sick at the time of the last Novena and I prayed for him to have a happy death, because the doctor said he would have a hard time. But my prayer was answered, he died very quietly, with a smile on his face. At the same time we had a three month old baby the doctors gave up as hopeless, but with constant praying to you, dear Mother, the baby is doing fine."

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

Catholic Anecdotes

A BIT OF GOOD EXAMPLE

The London Tablet, in a recent issue, described some of the events in connection with the Marian Congress held at Seville, Spain. One seems to me worth special mention, as an application of the Apostolate of Good Example.

Señor Ponte, who is Minister of Justice and Minister of Public Worship, in an address declared that the Spanish Government is Catholic and that it is devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

"I myself," he said, "love the Virgin Mother with the love of a son. When I was quite a little boy, my mother died. My father, an old-style Spaniard and an old-style Christian, drew me to look at a picture of the Madonna, and told me that I should not be motherless, because, though my mother had been taken away, the Blessed Virgin was left."

"Señor Ponte added," says the Tablet, "that in every crisis of his life and in every anxiety or perplexity, it is his custom to ask Our Lady's help with an *Ave*. Continuing, he said that General Primo de Rivera always carries about him a medal of the Blessed Virgin and asks her intercession 'in all difficult moments of both his military and his political life'."

"LIKE DAD"

From a questionnaire on the Kind of Men Girls Want, conducted recently by the *Queen's Work*, I quote this reply:

"I want a man like my dear old dad, with the qualities I admire in him—patience, truthfulness, honesty, courage, tact, loyalty, respect, charity."

What do you think of such a dad? And again: don't you feel that dad, somehow, figures deeply in every girl's ideal of a man?

How do you measure up to these requirements? Young married men—the younger generation is looking to you for inspiration; but it must come from your life, not your words.

Pointed Paragraphs

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE

It is a summer evening—vacation time for many—and a lovely spot far away in the wilds has drawn crowds from the cities and towns to rest and enjoy themselves on the shores of the lake.

The moonlight is beautiful on the lake. Golden ripples are swaying back and forth like the rhythm of some dreamy waltz. Quiet chatter—now and then a laugh or two—snatches of song and attempted harmony—a jazz band on a phonograph with a blare of saxaphones—a radio concert from New York—all blend around the lake and the medley is borne riding on the breeze.

* * *

Twelve o'clock.

Lights scattered irregularly around the lake. Smoulder of camp-fires stealing out over the water—gliding like wraiths. The groups have grown more quiet. The breeze has died and the lake is still.

"It's time for bed!" a mother of a family says with a sudden start. "I almost forgot. Tomorrow's Sunday. We're going to Mass."

"Aw, mother—let's wait a while. What time is Mass?" asks the oldest boy.

"Eight o'clock—and it's the only one."

"How far is the Church?" asks daughter, sleepily.

"Ten miles around the lake—and not very good roads. We've got to be up at seven sure."

No grumbling. The boys break into a sleepy-time melody. One by one they rise from their places on the beach and singing, wander toward the cottage set back among the trees

They'll be at Mass.

* * *

Two o'clock.

The breeze has risen again—and carries the sound of a motor down over the lake. The car pulls up behind a cottage and a tired, laughing crowd steps out. They pile into the house. Lunch is prepared. They sit around and talk about the dance. Three o'clock.

Someone mentions Sunday Mass.

"Oh, we don't have to go. It's too far!" says one.

"And too early!" adds another. "I came down here for a rest and I'm going to get it. Don't anybody dare to call me tomorrow—or rather today—before noon!"

"Me either," says another.

"I guess we all need the rest. They ought to have Mass at a decent hour anyway. Who's going to get up at seven o'clock?"

No answer. They won't be at Mass.

* * *

Five o'clock.

A beautiful, silver-gray morning. Golden in the east. A light fog beginning to lift.

There's a stir in a cottage along the lake. Two men are fiddling around among boxes and cans. They gather armfuls of equipment and head for the lake shore. The grass is wet with dew and they walk gingerly to the shore to keep their feet dry.

A boat slides out between the rushes along the water's edge. The clink-clank of iron oarlocks is loud in the morning air.

"Hope they're biting, Bill!"

"Me, too, Jim!"

"Sit tight till noon?"

"Yesiree!"

They won't be at Mass.

Seven o'clock.

A whole family is stir. Mother and Dad have called twice and are at it the third time. Everybody's moving at last. Dad is already folding up camp-beds in the living room to make more room.

Deep, lusty yawns from the boy's quarters.

"Oh it's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in bed!" sing the girls in chorus.

"Where's my shoes?" asks the boy who has gone barefoot all week. Someone finds them for him and he groans as he puts them on.

The tea kettle is on. The breakfast fare is laid out ready for preparation on the family's return. Dad goes out and brings the car to the door.

"All aboard!" he yells, and the cry echoes over the quiet lake.

They're on their way to Mass.

Eight o'clock.

A tiny, neglected church—or rather chapel—surrounded by trees. The birds are singing gloriously around it. The sun brightens up its interior—and shows the sad state into which an unattended chapel inevitably falls.

A roadster draws up before the door—and a priest enters the church hastily. He has another Mass to say at ten o'clock twenty-five miles away. He can't afford to be late here.

The meagre crowd that stood chatting outside enters and waits for the service. A requisitioned altar-boy—with instructions from the priest—goes about asking how many wish to receive Holy Communion. Not many. It's summer time. Vacation.

The service begins. It is the only sign of life around the lake. A handful of people—kneeling in prayer. At midnight the resort was a city,—with hundreds chatting and singing and dancing and enjoying themselves. Where are they at the dawn?

How many have come to Mass?

WORK STILL TO BE DONE

"Of every twenty Catholic children," said Father Blakely, at the Educational Convention in Toledo, "at least ten will enter the public school. Of the ten who come to us, only five will finish the grades in the parish schools. Evidently, not half of our work is done when half, or more than half, of our children are not in our schools. And these are the serious impediments with which we must deal."

Why is this? Is it because some still hold to their antiquated ideas about the backwardness of Catholic Schools? Is it because some still feel that social position requires them to send their children to the public school? Is it because they cannot bear the cost of a Catholic Education? Is it because we haven't schools enough to meet the demand?

These are questions for us to answer in each locality, it seems to me.

Are they unanswerable? No. Are the difficulties removable? Without a doubt.

You know what the Catholic School means to you; if you read your Catholic paper you will know what the Catholic School is doing in all parts of the country. Take pride in your school and let the others know it.

Work for the upkeep of your school and by your contributions enable the parish to maintain the poorer child at a nominal tuition fee, or free of charge.

Thus real zeal for Catholic education, for the welfare of souls, will lead you on to remove all the difficulties.

OTHER SCHOOLS

According to the Buffalo Evening News, some questions were sent to high-school boys and girls by Arthur Dean, Sc. D. Here are two of the questions and their answers.

"Do your friends believe in God?"

Ans. "Most of them do not. All of us attend some church, because we have to, not because we want to or believe what the church is teaching. Socially the church serves as a means of preventing wholesale crime and sin,—morally it means nothing.

—High-School Grad."

"Do those of High-School age believe in God?"

Ans. "I have attended schools all over the country. Most of the students believe in God, but don't know why. It is only those who read a lot, both good and bad literature, who are discontented and groping. A couple of my friends call themselves atheists, and even they don't know what they are talking about.

—A College Soph."

Think of these seventeen year old wiseacres! What is responsible for this condition among our young people? Schools without Religion? Teachers without Religion? Books without Religion? Homes without Religion? Newspapers without Religion?

With a line of such zeros in Religion what else can the result possibly be?

The example of a good man is better than the speech of a good critic.

Affectation is larceny; it is taking something that don't belong to us.—*Josh Billings*.

Most of the shadows in life are caused by standing in our own sunshine.

Catholic Events

On Friday, July 5, the Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.Ss.R., passed away, at Davenport, Iowa.

In him the St. Louis Province of the Redemptorist Fathers loses an illustrious member. He was well known as a missionary, a parish priest and especially as an author. Besides being gifted with high and unusual qualities of mind and of heart, he possessed an extraordinary capacity for work. Even during his last illness, he was still using his last bit of strength arranging for the publication of two books that were ready for the press.

Father Geiermann was connected with the Liguorian during the first years of its existence.

He was born in Stony Creek, Michigan, on June 9, 1870. In 1886 he entered the Redemptorist Preparatory Seminary, then at Kansas City, Mo. Whilst yet a student he was employed at the Seminary as an instructor in mathematics. He made his religious profession in 1892, at Kirkwood, Mo. In 1896 he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop, now Archbishop, John J. Glennon, of St. Louis.

Father Geiermann was a popular author and did much good by his books, such as: *A Manual of Theology for the Laity*; *the Mission-Book*; *Margaret's Influence*; *The Mediator*; *The Narrow Way*, and so forth. He also compiled the *Annals of the St. Louis Province of the Redemptorist Fathers* in three large volumes. From his pen also came several volumes of sermons and sermon sketches; one, *Outline Sermons for Sundays*, appeared shortly before his death; another is still in the press. R. I. P.

* * *

On Friday August 2, Rev. Thomas Stadler, C.Ss.R., will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his profession, in St. Alphonsus Church, New Orleans. And on Friday August 6, at Mt. St. Clement's College, De Soto, Mo., Rev. Augustine Ahlert, C.Ss.R., will celebrate the golden jubilee of his Ordination to the Priesthood.

* * *

By a vote of 243 to 172, the Prussian Diet on July 9, approved the Concordat between the State of Prussia and the Holy See. The many members of the Clergy, both Protestant and Catholic, who assembled in the balconies as interested spectators of the historic session, heard little of oratory, as argument had been pretty well exhausted in the first two readings of the measure.

The treaty, opposed by the Nationalists, the People's party, the Communists and scattered groups, was assured a safe majority when the present Prussian coalition, comprising the Socialists, Centrists, and Democrats, decided to keep their three-party bloc intact.

The Holy Father, in reply to congratulations on the settlement of the "Roman Question," expressed by Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland, said:

"To assume responsibility it is necessary to have courage, especially if one is in a post where one must exact obedience from others. Those who must obey, when they see the superior does not hesitate to take upon himself the responsibility of his office, have full confidence in him and therefore they obey more easily and more willingly.

"That is why, though appreciating all the gravity of the question, I have felt that I could not withdraw from the grave duty of assuming so great a responsibility.

"I have full faith in the help of God, whose assistance I have experienced in a truly surprising manner, and I am firmly convinced that that assistance will never fail in all the developments through which the agreements which led to the solution of the Roman Question may pass."

* * *

The Mexican Government, in response to a request, made the following statement in regard to the ownership of churches:

1) "The churches destined for Catholic use are the property of the nation.

2) These properties are considered as belonging to the national exchequer and shall enjoy all the privileges pertaining thereto.

3) The churches and dependencies used for religious services are subject to the vigilance of the Ministry of the Interior, the Minister of Finance and designated local authorities.

4) In charge of every church must be a person responsible to the authorities for compliance with laws regarding religious practices.

5) Use of the churches imposes upon the Catholics the obligation to maintain them in good condition and to repair those not now in a good state as to security, cleanliness and hygiene.

Number 8 of this statement reads: "The ministry of Finance has the right to decide administratively and definitely all questions regarding the extension or purposes proposed for the use of annexes to the churches.

9) The government is empowered to withdraw for exercise of religious and designate for other purposes, churches that may be opened, but such measure shall be of special import when the congregations do not comply with their obligations to preserve the churches and annexes in a good state of repair, or they are being used for other purposes than those designated by law, or when religious exercises are suspended for more than a year without reasonable cause.

* * *

His Eminence, Cardinal Van Rossum, is scheduled to leave Hamburg at the end of this month to journey to Iceland, where he will take part in the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. Muelenberg, as Vicar Apostolic of Iceland.

* * *

A Pastoral in which instruction will be given to the clergy and laity of Mexico regarding the rules which are to govern Catholic Action

under the present cordial relations, is being prepared by the Hierarchy of Mexico. Announcement has just been made by the Most Rev. Pascual Diaz, Primate of Mexico, that a committee of Bishops, now engaged in drafting the Pastoral, Will also inform the clergy and laity of the basis of a permanent religious accord now under discussion with the Secretary of the Government.

Archbishop Diaz further announced that a meeting of the ecclesiastical authorities will be held within the next few days for the purpose of reorganizing and assigning the clergy to the churches.

As time passes worship is being reorganized throughout the land and it is expected that very shortly the Catholic religious life of Mexico will have assumed its normal conditions. Thousands of persons continue to visit the churches as an act of thanks to God for the settlement of the religious controversy.

* * *

On Thursday, June 13, at three o'clock in the morning, five prohibition officers came to the convent of the Sisters attached to the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Los Angeles, in order to raid the place. They entered the courtyard at the side of the house, and without calling at the door, they broke down the portal, smashing it into pieces, and entered the house, turning everything upside down. It was said that they were in search of wine. They even entered the rooms where the Sisters were sleeping. Having found nothing they went away, refusing to give their names, or to show any papers which authorized them to commit the assault of which they had been guilty.

Monsignor Gutierrez, rector of the church, said that he brought the matter to the attention of court officials, but that it appeared to him that no importance was given the incident because it concerned Mexican Sisters. He pointed out, however, that the Mother Superior has her papers as an American citizen.

Bishop Cantwell of Los Angeles, hearing of it, lodged a strong protest with the District Attorney. As a result, the county prohibition officers who staged the raid, were required to make full restitution for the damage done the building and an apology for the outrageous conduct of his subordinates was made by the District Attorney, Buron Fitts.

* * *

Sixty thousand persons, including President Cosgrove, assisted at the solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in the beautiful grounds of Mar-dyke Park, Cork, by the Most Rev. Daniel Cohalan, Bishop of Cork.

The city of Cork devoted a whole week to ceremonies of thanksgiving marking the centenary of Catholic Emancipation,—ceremonies which ended with a procession of the Holy Eucharist through the city and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament from a temporary altar in the Grand Parade Square.

In the course of the week, there were solemn Masses in all the churches of the city, and historical lectures at the Opera House. The first lecture was on the life work of Daniel O'Connell, and was delivered by Professor O'Sullivan, Minister of Education.

Some Good Books

Vade Mecum Proposed to Religious Souls. By a Pious Author. Translated by M. S. Pine. Published by John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago, Ill. 139 pages. Price 35c.

The Pearl of Como. Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero. With Supplement: *Flowers of Gratitude Laid on the Tomb of the Servant of God.* By M. S. Pine. Published by John Daleiden Co., Chicago, Ill. 166 pages. Price, paper, 75c.

Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero. Religious of the Visitation of Como, Italy. Translated by M. S. Pine. Published by John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago, Ill. 208 pages. Price, paper, 50c; cloth \$1.00.

A Crown of Jewels for the Little Secretary of Jesus. By Rev. John P. Clarke. Published by John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago, Ill. 115 pages. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

The first book, a small volume, contains a series of prayers (Part I.) and Reflections (Part II.), preceded by a short life of Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero. Both Prayers and Reflections are by the Sister, the results of the lights she received in her own prayers. They are very beautiful. They are more personal than ordinary prayers and reflections and have all the fervor and unction of true sanctity and are inspired with a spirit as "little and sweet" as to remind one of the "Little Flower".

The second volume, "The Pearl of Como," is a brief life of the Sister Benigna Consolata by M. S. Pine. Appended to it by way of supplement is a series of answers to prayers through the intercession of the Holy Sister.

The third volume: "Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero" is a longer and more detailed life, translated from the Italian Original by M. S. Pine.

Sister Benigna, who died in 1916 is becoming more widely known every day as "The Little Secretary of Jesus".

And just in our day it is quite fitting that this life should be better known. Here we are again face to face with

that baffling simplicity and surety, that familiarity with God and other world realities, that so captivated the world in the Little Flower.

Eight years after her death the Cause of Beautification was introduced.

Appended to the volume is a brief essay: The Spirit of the Servant of God, Sister Benigna Consolata, written by Very Rev. P. Duriaux, O. P. It is drawn from the writings of the Servant of God.

The fourth book listed above, A Crown of Jewels, is a series of twelve chapters on the spirit of Sister Benigna by the Rev. John P. Clarke, the author of several books on the Little Flower. They are short considerations that catch the spirit of the Servant of God and well fitted to impart it to the reader.

What Else Is There? A Novel by Neaz Specking. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis, Mo. 258 pages. Price \$2.00.

What else is there? It is a poignant question and because Lizzie could not answer it, tragedy followed. There is something so simple about this story of German-American village life, so natural, that one cannot help reading on and on. And suddenly the tragedy comes, even though you felt it coming; but it hurries you along, almost against your will, to see the end. There is some splendid character description. The whole produces a powerful impression and leaves the question ringing in one's ears.

Church Etiquette. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. H. Schütz. Freely adapted to American conditions by Rev. F. Schulze, D. D. Published by Herder, St. Louis. 104 pages. Price \$1.00.

Laying down the principle that man's sole purpose on earth is to glorify God, the author gives us a general idea of Public Religious Service and private devotions and some of the special acts of reverence and devotion, and then proceeds to discuss the proper behaviour at prayer and services in four chapters. The book is immensely practical. It would be well to have it in our schools and high schools.

Some Good Books

American Cardinal Readers. For Catholic Parochial Schools. Editor of Lower Grade Readers: Edith M. McLaughlin, former Critic Teacher, Normal School, Chicago; Editor of Upper Grade Readers: T. Adrian Curtis, A. B., LL. B., District Superintendent, New York. Associate Editors: Sister Mary Ambros, O. S. D., A. M., Sr. Mary Gertrude, A. M., Sister James Stanislaus, Arthur H. Quinn.

Published by Benziger Bros., New York, 1928.

Book One: 177 pages. Price 76c.

Book Two: 217 pages. List price 91c.

Book Three: 249 pages. List price 96c.

Book Four: 282 pages. List price 98c.

The list of editors and associate editors alone would impress one with the excellence of these books even before we open them. Then when we glance through the books we are struck at once by the illustrations, their character, place and finish; by the type and arrangement and we see that every modern pedagogical device has been utilized. And when we consider the subject matter, we come to understand what deep thought and experience the editors brought to the compilation of these books. The printers also have contributed their best to make these readers in every way and in the best sense, up-to-date. The religious element, as one would wish, is splendidly provided.

The Sanity of Sanctity. By Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S. J. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 169 pages. Price \$1.50.

In ten chapters and an introduction Father Moffatt endeavors to show us the meaning and the purpose of life in the Catholic concept as the purest common sense. This is a great undertaking and surely it is a most useful one in our day. Even the high school boy is imbued with a high idea of his intellectual powers; he can smile like a University professor at the Dark Ages; he knows so infinitely more! Intellectualism has

been called the spirit of our age; I should rather say Knowingness! We think we know. We don't want to appear stupid or credulous.

Father Moffatt makes a very commendable effort at showing precisely the intellectualism—the true knowingness—in the knowledge and conviction of the Eternal Truths. I like the book. I gladly recommend it.

Progressive Scholasticism. By Gerard Bruni, Ph. D. Authorized translation from the Italian by John S. Zyburra, Ph. D. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 185 pages. Price \$1.75.

This is an excellent book for priest, seminarian, or student in philosophy.

Father Zyburra in his introduction summarizes very neatly the argument of his larger work "Present Day Thinkers and the New Scholasticism", concluding with a hopeful outlook for Catholic philosophy.

Dr. Bruni, in the First part of the work considers the Scholastic Philosophy and the problem of its Freedom. In Part II, he considers Scholasticism and the Historical Problem. His views in this second part are quite original. They were subjected to criticism by Olgiati and others. But certainly the book is thought provoking. It is another and a praiseworthy effort to interpret Scholasticism to the modern mind.

Catholic Influence on Longfellow. By R. P. Hickey, S. M., Ph. D. Published by Maryhurst Normal Press, Kirkwood, Mo. 338 pages. Price \$1.50.

Those who know the poet Longfellow by his Evangeline and Hiawatha and his translation of Dante like to think of him as very near to Catholicism. Theodore Maynard thought that "Dante almost converted" Longfellow.

But Father Hickey places the matter in the right light. He brings a wealth of information gathered by patient research to his task and gives us a scholarly solution of the problem.

Teachers of English Literature in our High Schools and Colleges will be glad to have this book. Its price is very moderate.

Lucid Intervals

Whifflebaum (phoning down from his room)—Is this the night clerk?

Clerk (awakened from sleep)—Well, what's biting you?

Whifflebaum—That's what I want to know.

The Chinaman could speak but little English, and the Englishman could speak no Chinese; nevertheless, the dinner went off agreeably.

The Englishman ate heartily of the stew. Then he closed his eyes, lifted his hands and shook his head with an air of ecstasy.

After this compliment to the dish, he said interrogatively: "Quack, quack?"

"No, no," said the Chinaman. "Bow-wow."

An Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape, happened also to be as poor as he was homely.

One day a neighbor met him and asked, "How are you, Dennis?"

"Mighty bad. Sure, 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Begorra," said his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be very pleasant for either of you!"

"If you want to go over big, you must sing louder."

"I'm singing as loud as I can."

"Well, man, be enthusiastic! Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

My bonnie leaned over a gas tank,

The height of the contents to see.

He lighted a match to assist him—

"Oh, bring back my bonnie to me."

Dissatisfied Clerk—Look here sir! I've been doing the work of three people for some time now and I want a raise.

Employer—I canna gie ye that, mon, but if yo'll let me hae the names of the other two I'll sack 'em.

Sandy McPherson was traveling to Glasgow, and on the way he felt thirsty,

so he took out a bottle and drew the cork. Just as he was about to take a taste a fellow passenger addressed him.

"Excuse me, sir, but I am 65 years old and I have never tasted a drop of whiskey."

"Dinna worry yersel'," said Sandy. "You're no gaun tae start noo."

Old Gent (to negro boy)—What is your name, little fellow?

Negro Boy—Well, boss, everywhere Ah goes dey gives me a new name, but mah maiden name was Moses.

Waitress: You look awfully sleepy, son. What's wrong.

Frosh: Somebody told me if I waited in front of Cornwell Hall I'd hear the college yell, and it didn't say a word all night.

A Scottish traveler frequently made the trip between London and Paris. He was such a wretched sailor that even on the calmest days he felt ill.

On a recent trip he went up to the skipper, and, after explaining his plight, said: "Surely, you must know a cure for sea-sickness."

"Yes," said the skipper, "I know of one that'll cure you."

So he gave the Scotsman a dime and told him to hold it between his teeth.

"Hadn't you better go and tell your father?" said the motorist to the farmer's boy who stood looking at the load of hay upset in the lane by a collision.

"He knows," replied the boy.

"Knows? How can he know?"

"He's under the hay."

A lawyer was arguing with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions. "I don't say that all lawyers are villains," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted the lawyer, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

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